

Troilus and Cressida.

Here comes *Patroclus*.

Nes. No *Achilles* with him?

Ulf. The Elephant hath ioynts, but none for curtesie:
His legges are legs for necessitie, not for flight.

Patro. *Achilles* bids me say he is much sorry:
If any thing more then your sport and pleasure,
Did moue your greatnesse, and this noble State,
To call vpon him; he hopes it is no other,
But for your health, and your digestion sake;
An after Dinners breath.

Ag. Heare you *Patroclus*:

We ate too well acquainted with these answers:
But his enation winged thus swift with scorne,
Cannot outflye our apprehensions.
Much attribute he hath, and much the reason,
Why we ascribe it to him; yet all his vertues,
Not vertuously of his owne part beheld,
Doe in our eyes, begin to loose their glossie;
Yea, and like faire Fruit in an vnholdsome dish,
Are like to rot vntasted: goe and tell him,
We came to speake with him; and you shall not sinne,
If you doe say, we thinke him ouer proud,
And vnder honesty in selfe-assumption greater
Then in the note of iudgements: & worthier then himselfe
Here tends the sauge strangenesse he puts on,
Disguise the holy strength of their command:
And vnder write in an obseruing kinde
His humorous predominance, yea watch
His pettish lines, his ebs, his shewes, as if
The passage and whole carriage of this action
Rode on his tyde. Goe tell him this, and adde,
That if he ouerhold his price so much,
Wee none of him; but let him, like an Engin
Not portable, lye vnder this report.
Bring action hither, this cannot goe to warre:
A stirring Dwarfie, we doe allowance giue,
Before a sleeping Gyant: tell him so.

Pat. I shall, and bring his answer presently.

Ag. In second voyce wee need not be satisfied,
We come to speake with him, *Ulfis* enter you.

Exit Ulfis.

Aiax. What is he more then another?

Ag. No more then what he thinke he is.

Aia. Is he so much, doe you not thinke, he thinke
himselfe a better man then I am?

Ag. No question.

Aiax. Will you subscribe his thought, and say he is?

Ag. No, Noble *Aiax*, you are as strong, as valiant, as
wite, no lesse noble, much more gentle, and altogether
more tractable.

Aiax. Why should a man be proud? How doth pride
grow? I know not what it is.

Ag. Your minde is the cleerer *Aiax*, and your vertues
the fairer; he that is proud, eates vp himselfe; Pride is his
owne Glesse, his owne trumpet, his owne Chronicle, and
what euer praises it selfe but in the deede, deuoures the
deede in the praise.

Enter Ulfis.

Aiax. I do hate a proud man, as I hate the ingendring
of Toades.

Nes. Yet he loues himselfe: is't not strange?

Ulf. *Achilles* will not to the field to morrow.

Ag. What's his excuse?

Ulf. He doth relye on none,
But carries on the fireame of his dispose,
Without obseruance or respect of any,

In will peculiar, and in selfe admission.

Ag. Why, will he not vpon our faire request,
Vntent his person, and share the ayre with vs?

Ulf. Things small as nothing, for requests sake onely
He makes important; possesse he is with greatnesse,
And speakes not to himselfe, but with a pride
That quarrels at selfe-breath. Imagin'd wroth
Holds in his bloud such swolne and hot discourse,
That twixt his mentall and his active parts,
Kingdom d'*Achilles* in commotion rages,
And batters gainst it selfe; what should I say?
He is so plaguy proud, that the death tokens of it,
Cry no recovery.

Ag. Let *Aiax* goe to him.

Deare Lord, goe you and greete him in his Tent;
Tis said he holds you well, and will be led
At your request a little from himselfe.

Ulf. O *Agamemnon*, let it not be so.

Weeie consecrate the steps that *Aiax* makes,
When they goe from *Achilles*; shall the proud Lord,
That bastes his arrogance with his owne searce,
And neuer suffers matter of the world,
Enter his thoughts: saue such as doe reuolue
And ruminare himselfe. Shall he be worshipt,
Of that we hold an Idoll, more then hee?
No, this thrice worthy and right valiant Lord,
Must not so staule his Palme, nobly acquir'd,
Nor by my will asubingate his merit,
As amply titled as *Achilles* is: by going to *Achilles*,
That were to enlard his fat already, pride,
And adde more Coles to Cancer, when he burnes
With entertaining great *Hiperion*.

This L. goe to him? *Iupiter* forbid,
And say in thunder, *Achilles* goe to him.

Nes. O this is well, he rubs the veine of him.

Dis. And how his silence drinckes vp this applause.

Aia. If I goe to him, with my armed fist, Ile pash him
ore the face.

Ag. O no, you shall not goe.

Aia. And a be proud with me, Ile pleshe his pride: let
me goe to him.

Ulf. Not for the worth that hangs vpon our quarrel.

Aia. A paulyr insolent fellow.

Nes. How he describes himselfe.

Aia. Can he not be sociable?

Ulf. The Rauen chides blacknesse.

Aia. Ile let his humours bloud.

Ag. He will be the Physitian that should be the pa-
tient.

Aia. And all men were a my minde,

Ulf. Wit would be out of fashion.

Aia. A should not beare it so, a should eate Swords
first: shall pride carry it?

Nes. And 'twould, you'd carry halfe.

Ulf. A would haue ten shares.

Aia. I will kneede him, Ile make him supple, hee's not
yet through warme.

Nes. Force him with praises, poure in, poure in, his am-
bition is dry.

Ulf. My L. you feede too much on this dislike.

Nes. Our noble Generall, doe not doe so.

Diom. You must prepare to fight without *Achilles*.

Ulf. Why, 'tis this naming of him doth him harme.
Here is a man, but 'tis before his fate,
I will be silent.

Nes. Wherefore should you so?

Troilus and Cressida.

He is not emulous, as *Achilles* is.

Ulf. 'Know the whole world, he is as valiant.

Aia. A horlon dog, that shal palter thus with vs, would
he were a *Troian*.

Nes. What a vice were it in *Aiax* now —

Ulf. If he were proud.

Dis. Or couetous of praise.

Ulf. I, or surley borne.

Dis. Or strange, or selfe affected.

Ulf. Thank the heauens L. thou art of sweet composure;

Praise him that got thee, (he that gaue thee sucke:

Fame be thy Tutor, and thy parts of nature

Thrice fam'd beyond, beyond all erudition;

But he that disciplin'd thy armes to fight,

Let *Mars* deuide Eternity in twaine,

And giue him halfe, and for thy vigour,

Ball-bearing *Milo*: his addition yeelede

To lionwie *Aiax*: I will not praise thy wisdom,

Which like a bourne, a pale, a shore confines

Thy spacious and dilated parts; here's *Nestor*

Instructed by the Antiquary times:

He must, he is, he cannot but be wise.

But pardon Father *Nesfor*, were your dayes

As Greene as *Aiax*, and your braine so temper'd,

You should not haue the eminence of him,

But be as *Aiax*.

Aia. Shall I call you Father?

Ulf. I my good Sonne.

Dis. Be rul'd by him Lord *Aiax*.

Ulf. There is no tarrying here, the Hart *Achilles*

Keppes thicker: please it our Generall,

To call together all his state of warre,

Fresh Kings are come to *Troy*; to morrow

We must with all our maine of power stand fast:

And here's a Lord, come Knights from East to West,

And cull their flowre, *Aiax* shall cope the best.

Ag. Goe we to Counsaile, let *Achilles* sleepe;

Light Botes may faile swift, though greater bulkes draw

deepe. *Exeunt.* Musicke sounds within.

Enter Pandarus and a Seruant.

Par. Friend, you, pray you a word: Doe not you fol-
low the yong Lord *Paris*?

Ser. I sir, when he goes before me.

Par. You depend vpon him I meane?

Ser. Sir, I doe depend vpon the Lord.

Par. You depend vpon a noble Gentleman: I must
needes praise him.

Ser. The Lord be praised.

Pa. You know me, doe you not?

Ser. Faith sir, superficially.

Pa. Friend know me better, I am the Lord *Pandarus*.

Ser. I hope I shall know your honour better.

Pa. I doe desire it.

Ser. You are in the state of Grace?

Pa. Grace, not so friend, honor and Lordship are my

title: What Musique is this?

Ser. I doe but partly know sir: it is Musicke in parts.

Pa. Know you the Musicians.

Ser. Wholly sir.

Pa. Who play they to?

Ser. To the hearers sir.

Pa. At whose pleasur friend?

Ser. At mine sir, and theirs that loue Musicke.

Pa. Command, I meane friend.

Ser. Who shall I command sir?

Pa. Friend, we vnderstand not one another: I am too
courtly, and thou art too cunning. At whose request doe
these men play?

Ser. That's too't indeede sir: marry sir, at the request
of *Paris* my L. who's there in person; with him the mor-
tall *Venus*, the heart bloud of beauty, loues inuisible
foule.

Pa. Who? my Cousin *Cressida*.

Ser. No sir, *Helen*, could you not finde out that by
her attributes?

Pa. It should seeme fellow, that thou hast not seen the
Lady *Cressida*. I come to speake with *Paris* from the
Prince *Troilus*: I will make a complementall assault vpon
him, for my businesse seethes.

Ser. Sudden businesse, there's a stewed phrase indeede.

Enter Paris and Helena.

Par. Faire be to you my Lord, and to all this faire com-
pany: faire desires in all faire measure fairely guide them,
especially to you faire Queene, faire thoughts be your
faire pillow.

Hel. Deere L. you are full of faire words.

Par. You speake your faire pleasure sweete Queene:
faire Prince, here is good broken Musicke.

Par. You haue broke it cozen: and by my life you
shall make it whole againe, you shall peece it out with a
peece of your performance. *Nes*, he is full of harmony.

Par. Truly Lady no.

Hel. O sir.

Par. Rude in sooth, in good sooth very rude.

Paris. Well said my Lord: well, you say so in fits,

Par. I haue businesse to my Lord, deere Queene: my
Lord will you vouchsafe me a word.

Hel. Nay, this shall not hedge vs out, wee heare you
sing certainly.

Par. Well sweete Queene you are pleasant with me,
but, marry thus my Lord, my deere Lord, and most esteem-
med friend your brother *Troilus*.

Hel. My Lord *Pandarus*, hony sweete Lord.

Par. Go too sweete Queene, goe to.

Commends himselfe most affectionately to you.

Hel. You shall not bob vs out of our melody:

If you doe, our melancholly vpon your head.

Par. Sweete Queene, sweete Queene, that's a sweete
Queene I faith —

Hel. And to make a sweet Lady sad, is a sower offence.

Par. Nay, that shall not serue your turne, that shall it
not in truth la. Nay, I care not for such words, no, no.

And my Lord he desires you, that if the King call for him
at Supper, you will make his excuse.

Hel. My Lord *Pandarus*?

Par. What faies my sweete Queene, my very, very
sweete Queene?

Par. What exploit's in hand, where sups he to night?

Hel. Nay but my Lord?

Par. What faies my sweete Queene? my cozen will
fall out with you.

Hel. You must not know where he sups.

Par. With my disposer *Cressida*.

Par. No, no; no such matter, you are wide, come your
disposer is sicke.

Par. Well, Ile make excuse.

Par. I good my Lord: why should you say *Cressida*?
no, your poore disposer's sicke.

Par. I spie.

Par. You